

























Well Casing - in field below
bridge on Buckleys - 54 11 ft. deep
about 1 1/2 ft. out of ground - well
used for Comm. that was there then.

Susie & Glenn Can add to or
Contradict my recollections, Since they
are older than I am.

School House on Bay Creek - ^{Area and} ^{to Ridge} ^{the} ^{the}
Edna taught there some - Belle
M. will possess some land.

Electricity Came to Buckleys in ^{June} '39
Capt. Killingsworth - P. D. & W. W. Jackson
Bill Rogers - 3.00 per m. per mile
as far as Bill Rogers - Joe took it
to Paul's Duncan present home at our
expense.

1916-17-18 ^{Model} ~~Model~~ Care in the part
of Country - Indian trails used as roads
2 in our places.

Norman Rose - 14 yrs 15⁺ Airplane
He saw one over - field over towards
old house.

Monument being erected - ^{this from} ¹⁷⁶⁸
Pioneer Settlers of Swago - was
Thomas M. D. - ^{his history}

Well Casing - in field below
bridge on Buckleys - Still there
About $1\frac{1}{2}$ ft. over ground - well
Used for Comm. that was there then.

Susie or Glenn can add to or
contradict my version, since they
are older than I am.

School House on Dry Creek - West
Lower end
of D. S. B. P.
P.O.

Edna taught there some - Bill
Mr. Hill possible gave land.

June

Mr. Hill possessed Game Land.

Electricity Came to Buckeye in ^{June} '39

Capt. Killingsworth - P.D. & W.W. Graham

Bill Rogers
Big Sales estimates - 3⁰⁰ - per Mo. per mile

as far as Bill Rogers - Joe took it
to Paul's Derrican present home at our
Expense.

15⁺ Model Paul's Derrican

of Country - Indian trails used as roads
2 in our places.

Norman Rose - 14 yrs - 15th Airplane

He Saw Come over - field over towards
old house,

this Jan
1769th

Monument being erected - 17th
Pioneer Settler of Swago - was
Thomas McNeill - Price's History

93

Spring Cleaning

By Louise McNeill

and one of the great West Virginians when Laureate Louise McNeill was buried on June 29, 1921 — West Virginia Day, naturally enough — and life overlapped the entire history of the state, and we were proud to have had opportunity to bring some of her pieces into

the world was "Spring Cleaning," a previously finished manuscript she drew from her files. Like most of her prose, this story deals with the Pocahontas County homeplace which she had treasured since Revolutionary War



McNeill (left) and McNeill (right) shown here in 1910 with their first husband, George McNeill, in the foreground.

in those gentle years, 1790-1820, our Pocahontas County household was relaxed. For despite the Great Granny's temper fits, to Mama's annual bouts of housecleaning, our life still moved to the slow rhythm of the seasons, and the roof of our cottage in meadow the sun fell and the snow gently, and summer rain.

He was a country school-teacher later a principal and a good, even great, at it. He was also a part-time farmer with a pocket and a dream in it. His name was George McNeill. Nearly every-thing in his neighborhood called him "George," but not to his face. He had been a school-teacher, but now he was a farmer, a gardener, a seamstress, a maid, a pig woman, a blackberry picker, a mother, and he loved it every day

and every season, but particularly when the spring sunshine came in to show it up. So every May or early June she must hold her great spring housecleaning, a rigorous and ancient ritual which we must celebrate from before daybreak until after dead dark.

Not like later when someone would come in to wash the wood-work in my house, Windex my windows, and I'd log the box of dusty Christmas decorations upstairs. No, my mother, when she springhousecleaned, springhousecleaned, and there was nothing casual in her touch.

On that morning, chosen by moon signs for its promise of "warm and sunny," Mama would be up long before daylight, shaking the kitchen range down, grinding her coffee, putting on the bacon and eggs. Then, breakfast over, we would hurry out to do the milking, strain the milk, slop the hogs, feed the chickens, and start carrying in, by way of three-gallon buckets, a barrel of water from the spring. Then a fire would be built at the wash place

and two 20-gallon kettles of water put on to boil.

By then the sun would be up, the yard grass drying, and the fire gone out in the kitchen range. When the stove cooled sufficiently, with G. D. helping we would pick it up and, with great labor and puffing, carry it out into the yard. This done, it was time for G. D. to go off to his manwork, though sometimes, as a boon to Mama's intentions, he would hire a sturdy neighbor woman who would come across the field at sun-up, happy to work for 35 cents a day.

Thus supported and often with brother Ward, too, staying around to add his carrying power to the festivities, Mama would begin to transfer all our goods and chattels from house to yard. For this was the old custom, to carry every lock, stock, and bobble out of the house, set the wild collection down on the yard grass, scrub it or dust it and sun it, and then, in the late evening, the inside of the house by then scrubbed and "squeaky" clean, to carry everything back in.



Grace McNeill, shown here (right) with sister Neva, dressed this way for the annual housecleaning.

arly and two 20-gallon kettles of water
in to put on to boil.

arly By then the sun would be up, the
the



Perhaps the labor was not actually as heavy as it now seems to me, for we had only wooden furniture, and Grandpa's black walnut dining table was only eight feet long, the living-room table even smaller, for four people to carry, and, besides, the day itself gave him its air of singular cheer and excitement, of new beginnings and new soapuds and cleaning sun.

The first thing Mama would do was to get the parrot dove out and caged for the summer in the smokehouse. Then she would take a hammer and saw to the windows — the small-paned, leaded-glass windows — for they must be removed, their casing strips coming down with them, then all the windows logged out carefully into the dooryard and leaned up against the plank fence to receive their attention of warm water and homemade soap.

Then all the furniture, odds and ends, rug, books, and dishes must be carried or dragged out onto the verd grass and the clothes hung in the clothesline in sun. This great out going would include, of course, all the old-fashioned beds, with their slats, springs, feather ticks and show-lucks — a mass of wood, metal and stoned, nothing that would be scattered in a confused tangle all across the front yard.

Then the cleaning would begin with buckets of hot water from the boiling kettle and buckets of clean cold water for the rinse. And, of course, into the hot water Mama

would put handfuls of her soft homemade soap, that brownropy substance that she and Granny — in its own season — had made from hog grease and ash lye. This soft soap, along with its peculiar cleaning stink, was the very center of cleaning day and the very cleaning process itself — the bedsteads to be washed with it and the windows and even the inside of the dresser drawers — so that now its strange brown smell comes back to me, but it is not the scent of cinnamon rose. Instead, it is a wild, brown, acid, slightly chemical smell, with a taint of rancid hog grease in it and with that sweet fragrance of childhood memory, soapuds and joy and springtime sun. And a world away from "ring around the collar," Denny, Tule, and Chees.

Mama would be pointing soapuds on the glass of the windows and washing them off with an old rag. Then she would turn the windows over, wash the other side, splash buckets of cold clear water on them, and leave them drying in the sun.

Usually during this initial stage of the festivity, Wand would be patiently cleaning out the kitchen stove and stovepipe with a wire and sticks and an old leather duster, the woman's collection of foot dusting dangerously close to the clothesline, and the old dog barking his excitement, the clothes flapping merrily on the line.

The hard woman, left inside the house, would be scrubbing the wide-board floors, darning the

walls and ceilings with a ragged broom, and washing the painted woodwork with dishwater and brown soap.

Elizabeth and I might be assigned to "red up" the dresser drawers, wash the trunks of kitchen utensils, and wipe off G.D.'s multiplying table of books. As we cleaned the drawers, there was one drawer we must never open. It was the right-hand upper drawer of Grandpa's black walnut highboy — the drawer that was never opened except by the Master of the House. That was G.D., and G.D. was to town or far off in the old someplace.

We knew Grandpa as the Captain, from his Civil War service, and the drawer was never opened because it was "the Captain's drawer," though by 1920 — say 1920 was the year of this specific cleaning — the old Captain had been dead for many years. But his drawer was never opened, and not opened now either, except by the oldest member — because it is the Captain's drawer. So, back then, Elizabeth and I would tuck and tuck all sheets and pillowcases in the front part of the highboy and then come washing the endless dishes and endless pots and pans.

By now — getting on toward noon — Wand would be filling the water tubs with the new straw from the straw-rick, and Mama would be them up with a darning needle and some thread. Then the old straw would be thrown into the hog pen and the cleaning and scrubbing would give



Granny, meanwhile, for she was busy on her own individual edge of the dusty, would be going over the bedspreads and all the bed ticks and crannies, going over them in that ancient routine of the turpentine, with a turkey feather dipped in turpentine. For turpentine is death on bedbugs, and Granny was always certain that our beds had been colonized by the tiny, red, blood-sucking bugs. The weird argument was one of the last mirrors of friction between Lydia and Mama. In Mama's mind there were no bedbugs, while Granny insisted that there were whole settlements of them and would spend half a day with her turkey feather going in and out of all the cracks and crannies in her old pillowcase routine. Next she would dip the bedsteads with buckets of soapy water, and then get her a big broom and start beating and flailing at the rugs.

The rugs, with one exception, Mama's 9-by-12 from the floor of the parlor, were not rugs, actually, but home-woven cotton carpets, the ones that Lydia Allen, up on Dry Creek, wore on her great clacking hooves. None of the women of our house could weave carpets now — the old skills passing slowly and silently — but Lydia Allen could still weave, and also Grandmother and Cousin Malodie. Though Lydia did most of the neighborhood carpets now.

So Mama, when new carpet was needed, would cut carpet rags in

the winter, cutting their long strips from pieces of worn-out clothing, then sewing the strips together, and winding them into great basketball-sized balls. Then she would carry the great soft multicolored balls up the creek to Lydia, and, when the carpet was woven, would nail it down on the floor with carpet tacks, the old square-topped kind.

These carpet tacks, though, only around the carpet edges, could wreak havoc on a child's bare feet, and turpentine would have to be poured down into the little puncture holes. Then, too, this carpet would become, during a long year's season, a great catch-all for dust and dirt. And though Mama all year, on her day of Saturday cleaning, would sprinkle salt and water on the carpet and sweep up the yellow, dirty salt, still the carpet was a dirty catch-all, and on spring cleaning day must be taken up from the floor, dragged out into the yard, then beaten and turned over, and beaten again with all of Granny's fury, while the dust rose from it in yellow fogs, and the dog barked, and the chickens ran and ruffled, and the whinn-whinn of Granny's beating stick echoed against the smokehouse wall.

At noontime we would hurriedly eat the cold lunch Mama had prepared for the occasion and then hurry back to the conflict. The window curtains must be washed and stretched, the washing clothes carried back into the house to their pegs and to our one closet, so that

the scatter rugs could be put on the clothesline and beaten with paddles and sticks.

By now the tired woman would have the inside of the house all clean and soap-smelling, and we could begin to carry in our gear. The heavy old carpet came first, and we would drag it heavily and pull it into place. Then Mama and Ward, crawling on their knees, would attempt to stretch it and tuck it down, thus to cover up, for another dusty season, the old Captain's wide-board cherry floor.

It would be almost dusk when we sat down to supper, and the cows still to be milked, the eggs still to be gathered, but Mama would glance around the dining room with a look of weary satisfaction. For though the ceiling still leaked, and the old wallpaper still hung in bubbles, the room was full of soap and sweetness. Then one time, I remember Mama going into the Captain's room in the twilight and setting up in the very middle of the table a bunch of pink flowers in her pretty glass dish. And all the room smelled of sweet flowers and brown soap and sunlight, and I can smell it now, and the harsh old brown soap smell makes the tears sting in my eyes.

The empty scrubbed rooms of the house would seem, at this juncture, very big and silent, with all their people gone. I would walk through the echoing rooms, smelling the soap and soap, and then, staring into the corners, would sense the presence of the old Captain as he had worked.

...and moving back in the
house — and back from Van
... years ago.
... would call me from
... I would carry
... the window
... and hang the clean curtains
... and hang the clean curtains
... So out dray,
... and nothing would begin all
... Then Mama would take — as
... a spell of
... furniture, a fit
... which would double the burden
... and require the transfer of dress-
... tables, and what-its of vari-
... kind. But the Captain's black
... highboy would always be
... back into its exact old place
... against the wall; and the carved
... handle of its upper right-hand
... drawer would stare out at me, say-
... ing, "Do Not Touch! I am the
... Captain's Drawer."

After Mama's shifting and star-
... ing were over, we would carry the
... gear back into the kitchen — the
... stove still absent — and rearrange
... the cupboard shelves. Then the beds
... must be put together; their side
... pieces knocked into their places
... with a hammer; and the slats laid
... on the springs; the straw tick, then
... the feather tick — in that order, and
... then the beds made up for the night.
... And the shining windows rein-
... stalled with nails and hammer, and
... the sweet-smelling curtains hung.

Then, by late supper time, G. D.
... would come to help carry the range

back into the kitchen and — after
... an immortal struggle — manage to
... get the stovepipe into its hole.

But all of Mama's housecleanings
... did not go as smooth and sunny as
... this one typical day. One time a
... sudden rainstorm swooped down
... on us from Bridger's Mountain, with
... Mama turning to gather up G. D.'s
... books, yelling at us to "get in the
... feather ticks" and the rain inundat-
... ing a great scattering of our house-
... hold effects.

Then that other and historic day
... when G. D. arrived at late noon
... hour to announce calmly that State
... School Superintendent Maurice P.
... Shawkey was arriving for a tried
... chicken supper at half past six. It
... was this day that G. D. helped us
... carry in the furniture, helped nail
... down the carpet, labored manfully
... to get the window strips back in
... place. And all of us kids running
... back and forth for loads of old coats,
... kitchen equipment, shirts and neck-
... ties, leather volumes of Charles
... Dickens, chamber pots, bed ticks,
... spice boxes — and G. D. pounding
... the kitchen stovepipe into its black,
... ill-fitting hole.

By four o'clock the house was tur-
... nished, though the spice boxes were
... under the bed and the empty straw
... ticks stuffed into the closet. The
... beds looked a little low, of course,
... and the curtains wrinkled; but the
... fire was flickering in the kitchen
... stove, and Mama was out in the big

yard, ready to direct us as we ran
... the doomed chickens down. She
... selected three fairly young red
... roosters and set us on the trail.
... Around and around the big yard
... we pursued the first one — the
... rooster, his head up like a plumed
... Indian, running wildly and danc-
... ing out and in. Round and round
... the yard and then round and round
... the chicken house, and the dog with
... his death howl, and Mama flap-
... ping her apron on the turn.

But finally he was cornered, then
... his two wild broethers with him, and
... all three carried, squawking and
... flailing, to the chopping block,
... where Mama dispatched them, in
... turn, with one practiced flash of
... the ax, then popped them into a
... scalding kettle, jerked their feath-
... ers off in big handfuls, and — light-
... ing a copy of the *Toledo Blade* —
... singed them with the flaming head-
... lines; and then rushed, her eyes cold
... and her apron bloody, into the
... kitchen to gut them, cut them, and
... pop them into the pot.

At 6:30, while G. D. and State
... Superintendent Shawkey sat in the
... parlor talking, Mama was setting
... down in front of G. D.'s plate at the
... dining table a great platter of
... golden-brown fried chickens, then
... adding her dishes of creamy mashed
... potatoes, gravy, canned green
... beans, spiced peaches, pickles, and
... hot biscuits, and warm blackberry
... pie. As she moved around the table
... in her clean starched apron, she
... seemed — except for the strange
... gleam in her gentle blue eyes — so
... quiet as a rose.

Then she went in and invited the
... two men to supper, apologizing for
... her biscuits as they sat down. When
... we were all pulled up to the table
... and our starched napkins unfolded,
... G. D. cleared his throat and asked
... Superintendent Shawkey to say the
... grace.

"Thank you for the blessings of
... this day, bless this food for our
... use." And Mama sitting there with
... her hands folded and her head bowed
... devoutly in prayer. For, as she used
... to say, "Cleanliness is next to God-
...liness," and "Many hands make
... light work."

From Volume 19, number 1, 28
... 1993

Louise McNeill's Last Book



In September 1994 the University
... of Pittsburgh Press published
... Louise McNeill's *Ferns Buffalo*, an
... extensive collection of the late
... poet laureate's favorite poems.

Ferns Buffalo was the project
... which provided excitement to
... McNeill's later years. The title is
... both a location which McNeill
... — an historian whose son is a
... physician — came to have with the
... contours of the mythic past and
... the wonders of science, repre-
... sented here by the buffalo roam-
... ing the grounds of the Ferns
... Nature Sanctuary in Illinois.

As always, her poems range

from the profound to the playful,
... some as short as the three lines
... she called "Couple."

You have not changed —
... for Time is kind;
... Your face — to me —
... is never frowny;
... As you grow wrinkled,
... I grow blind.

McNeill collaborated with Char-
... leskin writer Topper Silverwood
... in preparing the manuscript for
... the book.

Ferns Buffalo, 91 pages, sells for
... \$29.95 in hardback and \$12.95 in
... paperback. The book may be pur-
... chased in bookstores or from the
... University of Pittsburgh Press,
... 127 North Bellefield Avenue,
... Pittsburgh, PA 15260.

Louise McNeill's Last Book



In September 1994 the University of Pittsburgh Press published Louise McNeill's *Fermi Buffalo*, an extensive collection of the late poet laureate's favorite poems.

Fermi Buffalo was the project which provided excitement to McNeill's later years. The title reflects a fascination which McNeill — an historian whose son is a physicist — came to have with the contrast of the mythic past and the wonder of science, represented here by the buffalo roaming the grounds of the Fermi Nuclear Accelerator in Illinois.

As always, her poems range

from the profound to the playful, some as short as the three lines she called "Couple":

You have not changed —
for Time is kind;
Your face — to me —
is never lined;
As you grow wrinkled,
I grow blind.

McNeill collaborated with Charleston writer Topper Sherwood in preparing the manuscript for the book.

Fermi Buffalo, 91 pages, sells for \$29.95 in hardback and \$12.95 in paperback. The book may be purchased in bookstores or from the University of Pittsburgh Press, 127 North Bellefield Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15260.

not biscuits, and
pie. As she moved
in her clean sta-
seemed — excep-
gleam in her gen-
quiet as a rose.

Then she went
two men to supp-
her biscuits as th-
we were all pull-
and our starched
G. D. cleared hi-
Superintendent
grace.

"Thank you f-
this day; bless-
use..." And Mar-
her hands fold-
devoutly in pra-
to say, "Cleanl-
liness," and "l-
light work." ❖

From Volume I
1993













PIONEER DAYS

presents

West Virginia's Poet Laureate
DR. LOUISE McNEILL PEASE

and

Mementos of The Rolling Years

• Nostalgic • • Humorous •
• Enlightening •

Authentic Apparel
Memorable Modes and Manners

A NARRATED PRESENTATION

written and directed by
RUTH M. MORGAN

Musical Accompaniment
KATHERINE SNYDER

Augmented by a Barbershop Quartet
and
"Youthful Merriment"
Dance Coordinator—Genevieve Martin

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 13, 1979 — 8:45 P.M.
MARLINTON ATHLETIC FIELD

Betty M. Holden

Research

Dorothy M. Beck

Marian Jarvinen

Apparel

Elizabeth Gay
Marguerite Gay

Evah Harper
Ann Pennypacker

Louise Barlow
Shella Burns

Make-Up

Natalie Austin

Dana Miller

Nancy Galford

Staging

Richard Barlow
Jean Hite

Robert Viers
Joe Smith
Mary Jane Galford

Jane Price Sharp
Harvey Galford

Properties

Wanda Eye

Pamela Sharpes

Background Screen Design

Betty Barlow

IN APPRECIATION

—To the many people who have given
enthusiastically of their time and talents;

—To the many persons for lending or
wearing cherished and preserved posses-
sions of yesteryear, thus making this
presentation possible.

Master of Ceremonies
William P. McNeil

PROLOGUE

POETRY READING Dr. Louise McNeill Pease
"My Home Among the Hills" E. W. James, Jr.
Solostat Rebecca Perry
Barbershop Quartet Charles Fieber, Daniel Curry,
Larry Yagodinski, Harry Holsopple

Mementos of the Rolling Years

Narrator
Deloris Hunter

EARLY SETTLER Ina Montgomery
"Apple Butter Making in the Fall"
Glenna Hayes, Eva Shradler, Marguerite Gay
"Youthful Merriment" Dancers
Rick Barlow Gray Beverage
Charma Roy Lowell Underwood Kathy Underwood
Drema Sharp
Ken Underwood Mike Friel Tony Sharp
Laura Howell Irene White

IRIDESCENT GREEN TAFFETA Betty Rae Welford
BROWN TAFFETA/BLACK LACE Carol McNeill
GREY WEDDING SUIT Nancy Gelfand
BROWN WEDDING SUIT/SPOON BONNET Frances Baldwin
BLUE WEDDING DRESS Susan Viers
"WIDOW'S WEEDS" Sheila Burns
BROWN DRESS/BONNET/EGG BASKET Nancy Martin
THE ELDERLY COUPLE Johnnie and Madeline Hill
"When You and I Were Young, Maggie" Barbershop Quartet
"Camptown Races"
"Saturday Night Rhurf"
Paula Newkirk, Brian Friel,
Johnny Rose, Charles Edward McElwee
"O' Susanna" Barbershop Quartet
"Beautiful Dreamer," "And the Band Played On"
ELEGANTLY DRESSED LADY Merry Young
PURPLE WITH BLACK LACE Annette Kramer
GOLD/BLACK WITH PUFFED SLEEVES Elizabeth Newkirk
GREEN WOOL/TAFFETA Frances McPeters
"The Proper Young Ladies"
"The Sultan's Proposal"
Richard Barlow III
THE DAINTIES Mary White Simmons
THE GIBSON GIRL Lynette Anderson
THE COUNTRY DOCTOR Raymond Gibson
THE WEDDING DRESS Sallie Daugherty

*Copy of original from Pocahontas County family.

SECOND DAY DRESS	Linda Landis
THE PERAMBULATOR	Ann Pennypacker and daughter, Elizabeth
"The Proper Upbringing"	
Denise McNeal, Jessica Fauber, Melissa Galford	
Connie Sue Campbell, Stacy Sharpes, Joshua Hunter	
"Afternoon Callers"	
Geraldine Dilley, Almira Shrader, Barbara Campbell,	
Todd Gay, Katie Gay, Brian Snyder	
THE NIGHT PARADER	Charles Edward McElwee
"Won't You Come Home, Bill Haley?"	Barbershop Quartet
"Play Me An Old Fashioned Waltz"	
ANTICIPATING THE PICNIC	Candy Harper, Mary Silman, Rebecca Perry
THE AFTERNOON EVENT	Natalie Austin
SUGAR 'n SPICE	Dorothy Jensen
PINK STRIPED SILK	Barbara Jane Shaw
"Excitement of the Age"	
Delmar Dilley, Frank Lindsay	
LINEN DUSTERS	
Nancy Daugherty, Helen Davis	
THE BLACK TAFFETA	Diana Cooper
LADIES' SPORT	Libby Bertrude
THE SOPHISTICATED AGE	Dreams Barnes
THE FLAPPERS	Kitty Gwathmey and Pam Ladd
THE BLACK LACE	Isabel McElwee
CHIFFON EVENING GOWN	Vera Ann Curry

"A CENTURY OF FASHION"

assisted by

Houston Simmons Ernest Shaw

FINALE

"The West Virginia Hills"	H. W. Engle
[Audience Join In Singing]	

Oh, the West Virginia hills!
How majestic and how grand,
With their summits bathed in glory
Like our Prince Immanuel's land!
Is it any wonder then,
That my heart with rapture thrills,
As I stand once more with loved ones
On those West Virginia hills!

CHORUS

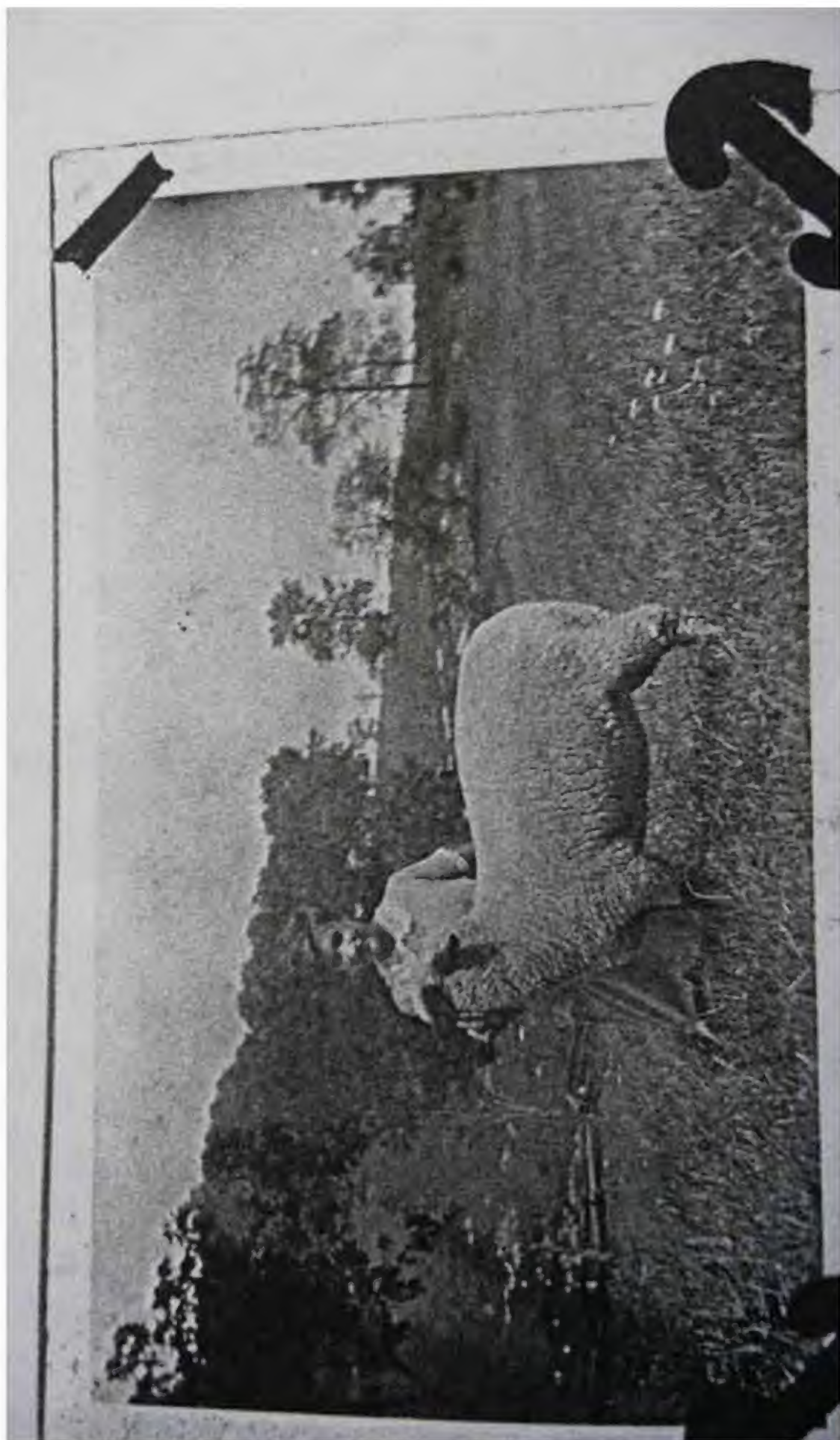
O the hills, beautiful hills,
How I love those West Virginia hills;
If o'er sea or land I roam
Still I'll think of happy home,
And the friends among the West Virginia hills.











Donna Fair - Donna, Indiana Bath Co.
Cubed - Remains 1774 - Young
Robert Brooks

Thomas M. Pratt - 1768 - 1939 = 221 yrs.
Capt. 3rd Co. - 1st Reg. Conn. Riv. - 2nd Infantry
Hawkins

Don John Treacher -
Capt. 1st - 1823 - 1911 - Captured Civil War - Deserter
18 mo. 4th Delaware (Union - 2 years)
U. S. - 1897 - 1964 = Prof. Langue, Teacher, Translator,
Writer -

→ Treacher - State Arch. Laureate -
You - Big James
8 Generations -

Deat Glen - Date of Birth - Scotland - Phil - by
Indiana Co. - 18. Diego - Castle Still exists
In good condition.

Indian Names -

Don Chest - 4th Co. - Walnut Moxes 11 years
Chest - 1st Co. - 1st Reg. (Cherry Burying)

24 - 1844 - 1774 -
Robert Brooks, Laguna Har. Va. 1774 -

THOMAS McNEILL
MONUMENT DEDICATION
SERVICE



October 24, 1981

1:30 P.M.

Buckeye, West Virginia

1776 1976



THOMAS MCNEILL

ca. 1747 - ca. 1806

HE BECAME A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS
OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN 1976.
HE WAS ONE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND SETTLERS.
HE WAS ONE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND SETTLERS.

let us now praise families and
 and our fathers in their generations,
 the Lord appointed to them great glory,
 his mercy from the beginning.
 They were wise and ruled in their kingdoms,
 and were renowned for their power,
 and were renowned for their understanding,
 giving counsel by their prudence,
 and establishing prophecies,
 leaders of the people in their deliberations,
 wise in their words of instruction,
 those who composed musical tunes,
 and set forth verses in writing,
 rich and furnished with resources,
 living peacefully in their habitations--
 all these were honored in their generations,
 and were the glory of their times.
 There are some of them who have left a name,
 so that we declare their praise,
 and there are some who have no memorial,
 who have perished as though they had not lived,
 but these were men of mercy,
 whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten;
 their prosperity will remain with their descendants,
 and their inheritance to their children's children,
 their posterity will continue for ever.
 And their glory will not be blotted out,
 their bodies were buried in peace,
 and their name lives to all generations.
 Peoples will declare their wisdom,
 and the congregation proclaims their praise.

--Ecclesiasticus 44:1-45c, 5-9ab,
 10-11, 13-15

Opening Remarks Allis McNeill
 1st generation

Scripture Story McNeill
 (Ecclesiasticus 44: 1-4 ac,
 5-9 ab, 10-11, 13-15)

Prayer Spady Moore
 Ancestral Belation

Psalm - "The Flame" written by Louise McNeill
 read by Rosebelle McNeill

Reception to be held immediately following
 Dedication Service at the White House, which
 stands on the original Thomas McNeill land.

Let us now praise famous men,
and our fathers in their generations.
The Lord apportioned to them great glory,
his majesty from the beginning.
There were those who ruled in their kingdoms,
and were men renowned for their power,
giving counsel by their understanding,
and proclaiming prophecies;
leaders of the people in their deliberations,
wise in their words of instruction;
those who composed musical tunes,
and set forth verses in writing;
rich men furnished with resources,
living peaceably in their habitations--
all these were honored in their generations,
and were the glory of their times.
There are some of them who have left a name,
so that men declare their praise.
And there are some who have no memorial,
who have perished as though they had not lived.
But these were men of mercy,
whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten;
their prosperity will remain with their descendants,
and their inheritance to their children's children.
Their posterity will continue for ever.
And their glory will not be blotted out.
Their bodies were buried in peace.
And their name lives to all generations.
Peoples will declare their wisdom,
And the congregation proclaims their praise.

--Ecclesiasticus 44:1-4ac,5-9ab,
10-11, 13-15

Opening Remarks Bill McNeill
6th generation

Scripture Stacy McCallister
7th generation
(Ecclesiasticus 44: 1-4 ac,
5-9 ab, 10-11, 13-15)

Prayer Grady Moore
Ancestral Relation

Poem - "The Flame" written by Louise McNeill
read by Annabelle McNeill

Reception to be held immediately following
Dedication Service at the White House, which
stands on the original Thomas McNeill land.



THE SENATUS

1954



DR. McNEILL

Professor George Douglas McNeill is a native of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, and received his early education in the public schools of West Virginia. He holds an A.B. Degree from Concord State College, A.M. Degree from Miami University, and the LL.B. and LL.M. Degrees from the National University Law School of Washington. He also pursued graduate study at West Virginia University and the University of Cincinnati. He was awarded an Honorary Doctor of Laws Degree from Davis and Elkins College in May of 1951.

Professor McNeill has practiced law in West Virginia courts and has served as Prosecuting Attorney for Pocahontas County. In his youth Dr. McNeill served as Yeoman in the U. S. Navy and was with the Round-the-World Fleet, 1907-09. He has taught in the public schools of West Virginia and has served as administrator both in high schools and the grade schools. For many years he has served Davis and Elkins College as a professor and Head of the Department of Social Sciences. He is the author of elementary school texts and is the author of a volume of shortstories, *The Last Forest*.

We shall all remember Professor McNeill as a distinguished teacher, author, and servant of Davis and Elkins College.



DR. MCNEILL

REFLECTIONS

80 in years but only 40 in Action! A big salute to you ladies of the 80's---Seek---Reach---Teach!

Now I've taken pen in hand to write you a line
Dedicated especially to you ladies so fine.

You found the time to teach and reach each of us that follow your steps. You took one end of the rope and I the other as you taught us there's always hope in the goal to reach as easy as skipping a rope you'd say! God has granted you strength and faith as we traveled the road together and through your grace you taught us to laugh and to smile with love never giving up or complaining just always going the extra mile explaining---It's really easy you'll see!

In early years you traveled the roads in your Model T Ford, laughing merrily and with glee all the way. To club meetings you would go with perfect attendance always to show. Now in later years you travel in a big sleek line and with style but the years has not changed because you are still all aglow with a sparkle in your eyes, grace in your steps and a glowing smile.

We've climbed the mountains together you and I and sometimes we'd stumble, but together we still climbed --higher and higher to our goals using the rocks as a stepping-stone. Onward and onward we'd go. No stopping us from work. We'd never shun but was always ready to advance with the rising sun.

Today your inspiration still reigns in our hearts, as you taught us love, patience and fun right from the start. You give of yourself, your talents without any expectation of recognition. You've been super without a doubt to many a young member just starting out. You've taken our hand and graciously led us on into projects, lessons and crafts without a demand. It's a pleasure to work with ladies never tiring of lending a hand but in doing as well.

You've been especially super and nice. Because today your inspiration still reigns in our hearts, loving you all the while and we sure are happy you're still alive!

Reflections to the world in what you have done and all have copied your style both old and young. You did it with grace and given so much fun. As your job you did, we applaud you as well done. Reflection is like a beautiful rose, laden with due when I think of you!

May God bless you is my prayer and we're looking forward to more years ahead in which to share all the nice things you've done but in doing it all you've been especially nice!

*Let us, be encouraged Today, as
we embark on a new beginning.*







